

THE DAILY MIRROR Tuesday, April 3, 1923.

MORE BEAUTY CONTEST PHOTOGRAPHS AND COUPON TO-DAY

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1923

One Penny.

LONDON HAS A GREAT SUNSHINE HOLIDAY



Full of the joy of a brilliant bank holiday. Two merry girls from London dash into the sea.



A Zoo elephant carrying a full load yesterday along a pathway packed with sightseers.



A lost baby seeks the help of a sympathetic policeman at Hampstead.



Major. Harold Cayzer's Bhuidhaonach winning the Queen's Prize from Mrs. Roundell's Thoughtless.



The tremendous crowd at Kempton Park yesterday watching the finish of the Ashford Selling Plate, won by Captain G. C. H. Davy's Telepathy.

London's day of glorious sunshine put all the gloomy weather prophets to confusion yesterday. It was an ideal Easter Monday, and the whole great city rushed into the open air. Every green space was filled by a glad crowd breathing the warm, invigorating air

of spring. Thousands on thousands went by railway or road to swell the huge holiday throngs at the seaside. Others sought the country, the sports fields or the racecourse. The crowd at Kempton Park was one of the biggest ever known.

SIGHT RETURNS AFTER A VISION.

Blind Man's Story of a Wonderful Cure.

DEATH-LIKE SLEEP.

Hope of Recovery Abandoned by Ten Doctors.

Awaking from a deep sleep, a man who had been blind for weeks told his wife, "I can see you, dear," and tests have proved that his sight has, in fact, been restored.

He is Mr. George Pallett, of Oak-street, Bishop's Stortford, and the story of his remarkable cure has aroused the keenest interest in the town.

One extraordinary feature of Mr. Pallett's case is that ten doctors who had examined him had given up hope of his sight ever being recovered.

Mr. Pallett describes a vision which came to him in his sleep, and declares his belief that his cure is due to supernatural intervention.

"I CAN SEE YOU, DEAR."

Wife Tells of Dramatic Moment When She Feared Husband Was Dead.

Mr. Pallett, who has been a Salvationist for many years, lost the sight of one eye ten years ago, but had fairly good sight in the other when he went into the Army.

Then he had to wear glasses, and many visits to eye hospitals followed. Gradually, however, his sight failed completely. He became blind in both eyes about eight weeks ago.

His anxious wife asked one of the doctors who examined him if there was any hope for her husband's vision, and the reply was, "None whatever."

Mr. Pallett began to learn to read by the Braille method of raised type, and preparations were made for him to go into a blind institution to be taught book-repairing.

Nevertheless he clung to the belief that his sight would eventually be restored.

On Saturday, March 17, he complained of feeling unusually tired and sank into a deep sleep. On Sunday morning his wife had had "a beautiful vision."

He went on to describe a vision of Christ, who, he said, had appeared to him and promised that his sight should be restored.

On the following day, a Sunday, he again complained of feeling tired and again slept.

CLOCK TEST.

After a time Mrs. Pallett became alarmed. "He looked terrible," she said, "and I thought he was dying." I immediately sent my daughter for help, and Mr. Radford, a neighbour, came in."

In the meantime Mrs. Pallett noticed her husband move slightly and she touched him.

He immediately opened his eyes and said: "I can see you."

She replied: "Don't be silly, dear," but he replied again, "I can."

As a test an old clock, which had stopped, was placed about a foot in front of Mr. Pallett's eyes. He read the time it registered—twenty minutes past nine—correctly.

Then a watch showing the correct time was brought and he replied: "Five minutes past two."

"Naturally we are very excited and happy at what has happened," Mrs. Pallett told *The Daily Mirror*.

"I had prepared all my husband's clothing to go away to the blind institution, but instead of going there he is going away for a few days' rest to help him to recover his strength."

EVICTED BY HIS WIFE.

Magistrate Appeals for Better Treatment of a Husband.

"I shall be bound to say he must not assault you, but if ever a woman deserved to be struck in the eye you did," said Mr. Symmons, the magistrate, at Marylebone yesterday to Mrs. Alice Rogers, who accused her husband of assaulting her. The husband said his wife had thrown him out of the house eight times.

Mr. Symmons appealed to the wife to try and manage her husband more decently instead of ordering him out of the house. The husband was bound over.

WORRIED TO DEATH.

Dread of Criminal Proceedings Drives Youth to Suicide.

It was stated at an *Acton* inquest yesterday that criminal proceedings were pending against Arthur Philip App, an eighteen-year-old labourer, who was found dead from gas poison in his bedroom at Vale Royal, Cheshire.

App had removed his bed from the bedside and placed it on the floor. He was found lying on it with his arms folded across his breast and his head in a box.

The coroner said he was satisfied that the dread of the proceedings had unhinged App's mind, but he would not go into the matter, as that was not a court of morals. A verdict of suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

VOLLEYS OF ICE.

German Crews Attacked by 3,000 Fishermen.

POLICE BATON CHARGE.

Three thousand fishermen who are on strike invaded Aberdeen yesterday and pelted the crews of three German vessels with ice.

They tried to prevent porters entering the market to discharge the German vessels laden with fish, and the men drew their batons and charged. The sailors were chased half a mile and several were injured.

The moorings of four other German trawlers were loosened and sent adrift. The police in Aberdeen are being reinforced.

Wage Cuts Endorsed.—Two hundred delegates of the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union at a conference at Arderton's Hotel, London, endorsed the proposed wages settlement, and the reductions of wages agreed to will take place on April 1.

Refusal to Strike.—Tredgar Valley miners yesterday unanimously rejected the executive's recommendation to strike on the non-unionist question.

CHLOROFORM ERROR.

Girl Dies as Result of Apparatus Mistake in Operating Theatre.

Because a special apparatus used for nasal operations was wrongly put together, pure chloroform, instead of chloroform vapour, was sprayed in the mouth of Annie Eliza Fishburn, twenty-five, at Watford Hospital, with the result that she was fatally poisoned.

It was stated at the inquest yesterday by the coroner, Doctor J. H. G. Smith, that the mistake was made by the person who administered the chloroform, that the apparatus was handed to her by a member of the nursing staff, and she was horrified to discover that it had been wrongly put together.

Returning a verdict of Death by misadventure, the jury added a rider that in future the operating theatre sister should be responsible for all apparatus and instruments.

AMERICAN INVASION.

400 Reach London After Luxury Tour of Mediterranean.

London's first "American invasion" of the year occurred yesterday, when a party of 400 visitors arrived from Southampton, where they had landed earlier in the day from the Cunard liner *Mauretania*.

They belonged to a party of 600 which left New York in February on a 13,000-mile trip to the Mediterranean ports, which included an extended trip through Syria, Palestine and Egypt.

While in London the party will visit in motor-charabans the City and the West End. Leading hotels are providing accommodation until Saturday, when the party will return to Southampton for New York.

MYSTERY LETTERS CEASE

Parents Still Hoping for News of Missing Soldier Son.

No further news has been received from the writer of the two letters received by Mrs. Peach, of Hicks-lane, Old Fletton, near Peterborough, stating that her son, Stanley, reported missing on November 13, 1916, and afterwards presumed killed, is still alive. The mystery letters were signed "L. Hamer or L. Hamby."

Mr. Alfred Peach, Stanley's elder brother, has returned from a fruitless search for his brother and is not disengaged in her belief that Stanley is alive. This belief is strengthened by dreams she and her husband have had lately, in which they have both seen Stanley returning home.

The slip of paper enclosed in the first letter bore a handwriting very similar to that of the missing son.

Stanley would be about thirty years old today.

REVUE IN MID-OCEAN.

Theatre for Liner Passengers to Compensate for Prohibition.

The New York liner *Leviathan* has been equipped with a large stage whereon a musical revue will be produced nightly as a set-off to the Prohibition handicap.

The *Leviathan's* first trip, says the Exchange, is scheduled for June.

Largest and most luxurious of all the ships constructed for the American客船公司, the *Athenia*, built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company at Govan, for service between Glasgow and Montreal, has successfully completed a week's official trials in the Firth of Clyde.

She has accommodation for 1,500 passengers and 300 officers and crew.

BOY'S FALL FROM A TRAIN.

Herbert Wooley, aged seven, was leaning against a carriage door of a train travelling from Nottingham to Lincoln when the door flew open, and he fell on to the line.

He was picked up unconscious with head and arm injuries.

\$200 HONESTY.

Taxicab Traveller's Quick Return of Lost Bag.

REWARD NOT WANTED.

A remarkable story of the loss and recovery of a bag containing Treasury notes and jewellery to the value of £200 was related to *The Daily Mirror* last night by a Highbury resident.

The bag was missed after he and his wife had left a taxicab in which they had travelled from Highbury to Bishopsgate-street on Sunday night.

Inquiries were made, and the police were informed, but no trace of the bag or its contents could be found.

Towards midnight, when they had reached home, the telephone bell rang, and the caller inquired if the resident had lost a bag, and if so should he bring it along that night?

It appeared that a blacksmith had got into the taxi a moment or two after it had been discharged, and, finding the bag and seeing an address inside it, had gone straight to the telephone and rung up the owner.

Only with the greatest difficulty could the man be persuaded to accept a reward for his friendly action.

MR. CLIFFORD ALLEN.

New I.L.P. Chairman Former Leader in No-Conscription Movement.

The chairman of the Independent Labour Party for the ensuing year is Mr. Clifford Allen, who, it is announced, has been elected by a majority of 121 votes.

Mr. Allen wrote and spoke against the war in 1914, and in November of that year was elected first chairman of the No-Conscription Fellowship.

Mr. Allen was educated at Berkhamsted, University College and Peterhouse, Cambridge.

At the annual conference yesterday of the I.L.P., which opened at Queen's Hall, London, Mr. Barnes, of Sheffield, declined the salary of £1,000 paid to Mr. Bradfield, the new editor of the *New Leader*, the I.L.P. organ, and was a big jump from the previous salary of £450.

DOG RESCUED FROM MINE

Young Collier Who Descended 195 Feet To Be Recommended for Award.

For the gallant rescue of a dog from a disused mine near Newport, a young Blaina lad, George Griffin, is to be recommended for recognition by the Royal Humane Society.

He descended the pit, sixty-five yards deep, put the dog, uninjured, in a sack, and fixed a pulley wheel whereby it was hauled to the surface.

HOTEL DEATH MYSTERY.

Inquest To Be Held on Rich Woman Traveller from California.

There will be an inquest, which will probably be held to-morrow, on the rich American woman, Mrs. Jessie May Bowie, who was found dead in her room in her room at the Hotel Corgan.

Mrs. Bowie, whose home is believed to be in California, died suddenly.

An inquest will also be held on Miss Ida Sands Katon, found dead on her bed, fully dressed.

MAKING WASTRELS.

Teachers Attack "Antiquated Education System"—Change Demanded.

"Never were opportunities for adolescent education more needed than to-day in order to check the supply of wastrels and unemployed which results too frequently in the manufacture of criminals."

Alderman E. J. Simsbury, of Chelsea Central School, made this statement yesterday in his presidential address at the annual conference of the National Union of Teachers.

"Our choices to-day," he said, "seem to be between education and evolution, or ignorance and revolution. There is urgent need for complete reclassification of our educational system, which is antiquated."

LORD CURZON'S FRENCH CURE.

Lord Curzon leaves for France to-day to complete the treatment for phlebitis which he was receiving at the hands of a French specialist last autumn.

NEW DANCE RECORD.

PARIS, Monday.—A dancer named Boitier Primo has beaten the non-stop dancing record established two days ago in Paris by dancing continuously at Turenne for 25h. 47m.—Exchange.

3 HOUSES CRASH ON FAMILIES.

Mother and Children Amid Mass of Wreckage.

AMAZING ESCAPES.

Man Pinned Under Beam That Saved His Life.

About twelve people had remarkable escapes from death early yesterday when three very old houses in Cavendish-street, Brighton, collapsed, in one case the rafters falling across beds of sleeping people.

A mother and children were discovered un-hurt by the police although their house was a mass of wreckage.

One man was found in bed un-hurt, but scarcely able to move. Heavy beams had fallen over him in such a way that they supported the whole weight of masonry.

But for this fact the man would have been undoubtedly crushed to death.

EARLY MORNING ALARM

Bricks and Woodwork Fall Around Constable as He Enters House.

The St. James-street district of Brighton received by big alarm just before half-past five yesterday morning when the noise of falling stones and cracking timbers was heard.

It was soon discovered that three of the very old houses in Cavendish-street, Nos. 23, 24 and 25, had collapsed.

The houses, which were built about 100 years ago, were of two floors. One of the dwellings was unoccupied, but about a dozen people were sleeping in the other two.

Sergeant Neale, who was patrolling in the vicinity, rushed to the scene.

RAFTERS ACROSS BED.

Bricks and woodwork fell upon him as, with Constable Coleman, he entered the first house, where, on the upper floor, they found a woman and three children in bed.

They were un-hurt, injury, but their house was a mass of wreckage. This family was immediately removed to a neighbour's house.

In the adjoining premises Sergeant Neale found two young men, also in bed, with rafters lying across them, but they, too, by an extraordinary circumstance, had escaped injury.

Cavendish-street adjoins an area which has been condemned by the corporation as unsafe.

About twelve people in all, men, women and children, were in bed at 23h. 24m.

The occupiers had remarkable escapes from death. Had a chimney stack collapsed one family must have been killed.

William Burford was found pinned down under heavy beams, which, fortunately, had fallen in such a way as to support the weight of the collapsed stonework.

LONELY BABY'S FATE.

Dies of Starvation After Mother's Fatal Seizure.

How a six-months-old child, left alone by the sudden death of its mother, died of starvation, was discovered by neighbours, who forced their way into the woman's house in Causeway-side, Edinburgh.

The mother, Janet Rogers, aged thirty, had not been seen since Thursday. She was found kneeling in front of the bed on which the child's body lay. The woman was subject to epileptic fits, and it is assumed that she had a fatal seizure some days ago.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Peaches were sold in Paris yesterday at 10s. each.

Window slashers are again at work at King-ston-on-Thames.

Athraxis is reported to have broken out on a farm at Sterndale, Derbyshire.

Senussi Chief Dead.—Said Idris, the Chief of the Senussi, has died.—Central News.

Triplets.—Mrs. W. Carey, wife of tailor of Norwich, has given birth to triplets, all girls.

Mutiny Veteran.—Aged eighty-one, E. P. Donoghue, an Indian Mutiny veteran, died at Newport (Mon.) yesterday.

Dr. Jowett's Successor.—The Rev. Dr. Hutton, of Glasgow, has accepted a call to Westminster Chapel in succession to the Rev. Dr. Jowett.

Mystery Sailor.—The body of Jans Jensen, a Swedish sailor who disappeared on Christmas Eve, has been recovered from the river at Blyth (Northumberland).

Fire at Garage.—Two charabans, a private car and various parts of motors, valued at £200, were destroyed by fire at a garage at Telham Mills, Battle (Sussex).

Marshal Manoury, the French General blinded in the war, was buried at Mer yesterday, blinded soldiers and sailors following the coffin to the grave.—Exchange.

Sir H. Drummond, Southern Railway chairman, was yesterday elected chairman of the Railways Companies' Association, and the Hon. C. N. Lawrence (London, Midland and Scottish) was appointed deputy chairman.

SUNSHINE REVELS OF RECORD BANK HOLIDAY

Merry Crowds Throng Resorts—Bathing and Boating and Whirligig of Sport.

GAY SCENES IN ROAD TREK TO COUNTRYSIDE

Amazing Exodus from Cities and Towns for Joyous Fun and Frolic of Out-of-Doors Festival.

Gloriously fine weather made the first Bank Holiday of the year a wonderful open-air festival. Seldom have the joyous scenes of yesterday been equalled on any Easter Monday.

It was a day of records. Crowded trains, crowded resorts—inland and by the sea—crowded race meetings, football grounds, tennis courts, and golf courses, and at night crowded theatres, picture palaces and dancing halls. Britain, in fact, was just one colossal crowd on pleasure bent.

Summer-like conditions marked the start of the boating and bathing season, and the gay revels by the sea were brightened by the light frocks, straw hats and parasols of the holiday throng.

Traffic by road and rail was enormous. Charabancs, motor-cars, taxis, side-cars, push bicycles, and, in fact, every kind of vehicle, were pressed into service to transport the people to the happy pleasure grounds.

STRAW HATS AND SUMMER FROCKS BY THE SEA.

Big Army of Excursionists Encamped on Sands.

GLEEFUL CHILD PADDLERS.

WEATHER FORECAST. — Mainly fair weather probable over the British Isles. Further outlook: Becoming warmer generally.

With few exceptions, the leading resorts, inland and by the sea, enjoyed summer-like conditions, and Bank Holiday was one long carnival of open-air revelry in sunshine beneath blue skies.

Sport of all kinds up and down the country attracted hundreds of thousands of onlookers, while sun frocks and straw hats made their appearance by the sea, and bathing and boating began in a number of places.

Along the South Coast there were over ten hours of sunshine, and the temperature was well over 60deg. in several instances.

Appended messages from *Daily Mirror* correspondents epitomise the joys of this glorious Easter Monday.

Bournemouth. — Heat almost like summer gave thousands of excursionists a real sun bath in the sands, and dense masses of people congregated on the promenades. Hundreds of children paddled gleefully, there were many bathers and the pier and steamboats were packed.

Eastbourne. — Large crowds enjoyed gorgeous sunshine. Promenade crowded.

Hastings. — "Like a June day." The reconstructed bandstand packed with people, and the sea ideal for boating.

Southend. — All London appeared to be here. Visitors enjoyed very fine weather.

Lakeland. — Thousands of trippers took the roads to the Lakes by motor-coaches, and there was not a nook or cranny among the mountains where picnic parties did not hold high revels.

ENORMOUS ROAD TRAFFIC.

Scarborough. — Although the weather was rather dull a large number of excursionists arrived from York, Leeds, Bradford, Harrogate, Sheffield, Chesterfield, and other towns.

Blackpool. — A happy Bank Holiday, the sun shining brightly every hour of the day, all full-laden coaches followed by hundreds of motor coaches. Road traffic was enormous.

Brighton. — Crowds arriving by train were the largest known for many years. All London excursions were run in duplicate, and some of the ordinary trains were triplicated. The sea-front bore an appearance reminiscent of the brightest of pre-war days, the sun shining with the brilliance of August. Summer garments were worn everywhere.

Ramsgate. — Huge crowds turned out to see the great "daylight carnival" organised in aid of the blind of the town. The procession of gaily-decorated cars was nearly a mile long, and many original ideas were carried out. Thousands crowded into Ellington Park, where judging of the cars for prizes took place.

TOY RAFT TRAGEDY.

Boy of Seven Drowned—Sister Saved After Rescue Attempt.

While playing on a raft on a pool in a field with his sister, aged nine, Kenneth Lee, aged seven of 80, Esme-road, Sparkhill, Birmingham, overbalanced and fell into the water.

His sister attempted to grasp him, but she also fell in.

The girl was rescued with difficulty, but the boy was drowned.



President Ebert has demanded French troops for their part in recent disorders.



Viscount Ellesden, M.P. for Southend, is progressing favourably after an operation.

WOODLAND HUNT FOR NAKED MAN.

Women's Stories of Tall, Emaciated Stranger.

"GLARING EYES."

Figure Seen Leaping Wildly in Moonlit Glades.

From Our Special Correspondent

NEWBURY, Monday.

A naked man, with glaring eyes and deathly white face, who appears suddenly in hedgerows, has for the past fortnight been scaring the villagers in Highclere, about five miles from here.

He was first seen on Saturday morning, March 17, at Blind Man's Gate, on the Andover-road, by Miss Painter, a cook, and, later in the afternoon of the same day, by Miss Skinner, a school teacher.

"When I saw him at 5.30 on that afternoon," Miss Skinner told me to-day, "he was wearing some garment round his waist, which may have been a very narrow waistcoat or a sash.

"Although it was a cold afternoon, with a north-easterly wind blowing, he had no other clothing whatever.

"Even his feet were bare, and he ran into the road from a hedge and quickly disappeared.

SHIRT CLUE.

"He was a young man," Miss Skinner added, "with neatly-brushed hair and very thin arms and legs."

"He might have been nearly six feet tall and was very pale." As he ran into the road, he looked at me pale.

Miss Painter the cook, also saw the stranger on the Andover road.

On this occasion he had discarded even his waistcoat, and he ran shouting into Woodhay Wood. Miss Painter could not distinguish what he said.

According to others who declare that they have seen him on numerous occasions, he was roaming the woods at night, leaping bushes and running wildly in patches of moonlight.

Numbers of police and farmers have searched the woods for days without success. So far the only clue is a man's shirt, bearing the name of Black, which was found in Kingsclere Wood, near one of the places where the naked man has been seen.

YOUNG FOOTMAN MISSING.

Tall, Fair Young Man Who Vanished from House Near Newbury.

Mystery surrounds the disappearance on March 15 of Henry William Holden, a young footman employed by Sir Edward Black at Migham House, six miles on the other side of Newbury from Highclere.

According to the police description, Holden is 5 ft. 10 in. and is 50 lbs. in weight. He has light grey eyes, fair hair, fair complexion and a thin face, with a broad forehead.

He is a native of Surbiton, Surrey, and was dressed in dark grey jacket and vest, with black livery trousers, light mackintosh and trilby hat.

LORD CARNARVON WORSE.

Failure To Rally Causes Acute Anxieties—Wife by Bedside.

Grave news of the illness of Lord Carnarvon was received last night in the following telegram from Cairo:-

The condition of Lord Carnarvon showed no improvement to-day, and to-night the state of his health caused acute apprehension.—Central News.

Lord Carnarvon failed to rally all this afternoon, nor is there any change for the better this evening.—Exchanges.

Earlier messages stated that the illness of Lord Carnarvon reached its crisis yesterday. Three doctors held a long consultation in the morning, and at its conclusion one of the medical men remained by his lordship's bedside.

Lord Carnarvon went to Egypt part of the journey being made by aeroplane, and is now at her husband's bedside.

RACEGOERS HELD UP.

Railway Bridge on Irish Line Blown Up by Mine.

Hundreds of passengers for the Fairyhouse races yesterday were held up at the Dublin terminus of the Midland Railway by a dislocation of the train service.

The railway bridge at Clonsilla was blown up by mine, making it impossible for trains to pass.

In an ambush of National troops at Drumcoole, near Dundalk, Sergeant Daly was killed, as was also one of the attackers. The troops, in a subsequent round-up, made fourteen prisoners.

SKI EXPERT KILLED IN CREVASSE.

GENEVA, Monday.

Kurt Straumann, a famous Alpine skier, was climbing a steep mountain in the company of his two brothers when he fell from a great height into a crevasse between Damnuastock and the Furka Pass, and was instantly killed.—Central News.



Re-wearing last year's Hat

Nobody need know that the straw hat is the one you wore last year if you renew it with COLORITE.

You can get COLORITE in 16 fashionable colours or shades. It is waterproof and durable and can be applied by a child.

Think twice about buying a new hat, when you can give this year's look to last year's hat!

Chemists and Stores sell COLORITE at 1/4 per bottle, including brush. Ask to see the COLORITE Colour Card.

Colorite STRAW HAT DYE

There is no substitute for COLORITE. If unobtainable in your locality, write to Henry C. Quelch & Co., 4/5, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4.

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Cadet Blue
Victory Blue
Lavender
Old Rose
Cerise
Burnt Straw
Magenta Brown
Violet
Grey
Natural

NEW PHASE IN £2,500 BEAUTY CONTEST.

Start of Voting To-day for Fourth £100 Prize.

HAVE YOU ENTERED?

Voting for the fourth week's selection of photographs entered in *The Daily Mirror* £2,500 Beauty Competition begins to-day, and another prize of £100 is offered to the sender of the voting coupon that corresponds, or most nearly, corresponds with the popular choice.

On the centre picture pages of this issue are published twelve portraits of senior entrants in the contest, from which readers are invited to make a selection of two. Later in the week twelve further portraits of entrants in the other sections will be published.

It is hoped this week to publish the name of the winner of the first forecast prize of £100. So many readers have competed that the work of recording the votes and determining the winner has taken longer than was anticipated, but arrangements have been made which will enable the subsequent winners of the weekly voting prize to be more promptly announced.

Photographs for the competition should be sent in at once. Girls of any age and boys under five may compete for the beauty prizes, which range from £500 to £250.

On the back of each photograph must be written in ink the name, age, and address of the competitor, and a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed for its return at the close of the contest. All photographs should be posted to: "The Editor, *Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition, 23-29, Bouverie-street, E.C.4."

£2,500 BEAUTY COMPETITION VOTING COUPON.

(Valid only for use in connection with photographs published during the week ending Saturday, April 7.)

To the Manager, Beauty Competition Dept., *The Daily Mirror*, 4-7, Lombard-lane, E.C.4.

My selection of the six most beautiful entrants in order of merit is as follows:-

Section I.		Section II.		Section III.	
1st	2nd	1st	2nd	1st	2nd

Indicate the photograph you select by letter only, as printed in black letters. Six photographs must be selected.

I enter this competition upon and subject to the conditions published in *The Daily Mirror*, and agree to abide by such conditions and to accept the decisions of the Editor upon all matters and questions which may arise in connection with this competition as final and conclusive and absolutely and legally binding upon me.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

This coupon will not be accepted if received later than the first post of Wednesday, April 11, 1923.

IMPORTANT.

This coupon must not be sent in until the whole of the twenty-four photographs of the week have appeared. Section I. can be completed by indicating your choice of two out of the twelve photographs published to-day. A further twelve photographs will be published this week, and coupons will only appear in the issues containing beauty photographs. Readers may send in as many coupons as they choose.

ON THE SAME NAIL.

Husband's Suicide on Discovering Wife Hanged in Home.

GENEVA, Monday.
Returning to his home at Geneva, a merchant named Jean Mosbrugger stumbled against the dead body of his wife, who was hanging from a nail.

He unhooked the body, laid it on the bed, and then hanged himself near the bed on the same nail which his wife used.—Central News.

BROADCASTING TO-DAY.

LONDON (369 metres)—11.30-12.30 a.m. concert, Miss Dorothy Couper, soprano; 5.30, children's stories, news; 7.15, Mr. Ashley Sterne, of the "Passing Show," on "Wireless without Tears"; 7.30, concert, Wireless Trio and Miss Ivy Marchant, contralto; 8.45, Mr. Alan Titchmarsh, director of the Federation of British Musical Industries, on "Something we find in music"; 9.30, concert, Wireless Trio, and Miss Ivy Marchant, contralto; 9.45, news; 10, dance music.

BIRMINGHAM (429 metres)—11.30-12.30, orchestral trio 5.30-6.15, children's corner; 7-7.15, Mr. Joseph Brattin (baritone); 7.15-7.30, Mr. Joseph Woodward (tenor); 7.30-7.45, news; 8-8.15, Miss Kathleen Davis (soprano); 8.15-8.30, Miss Minnie Beddoes (contralto); 8.30-8.45, Mr. Percy Sharpe (clarinet); 8.45-9, Mr. G. H. Amory, talk, a film; 9-9.15, Mr. Harry Crip, 9.45-10, final news bulletin.

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Your chemist has it. Try it to-day.

Nujol
TRADE MARK
For Constipation

HEALTHY WOMEN



must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE CORSET OF HEALTH

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:
SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY

PAIR, POST FREE.
Postage abroad extra.

Complete with Special Detachable Suspender Straps, 16 in. long, 20 in. wide.

It is lined at the sides with elastic cord to expand freely when breathing.

It has a short 9in. bust in front, which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting metal Eyelets.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

BACK TO PRE-WAR PRICES.
These Health Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, tennis, etc., and are in great demand. They give wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure, are the most comfortable ever worn.

EVERY STITCH BRITISH. Support British Women Workers and reduce unemployment. No goods sent without cash, but money willingly returned if dissatisfied.

Catalogues sent with Corsets. Cross your Postal Orders and make payable to the
**HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Dept. 7, MORLEY HOUSE,
26-28, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.**

Once you have used Lissues, you will wonder, not at their popularity, but at their economy. The fabric remains exquisitely soft and sound, the colors true and charming, through months or years. See Lissues at your drapers.

LIS SUE
HANDKERCHIEFS FOR LADIES

1/- each. White and Indelible Color Borders.
Men's size Lissues can be had at 1/6 each.

A Total Guaranteed Line.



11.30-12.30 a.m. concert, Miss Dorothy Couper, soprano; 5.30, children's stories, news; 7.15, Mr. Ashley Sterne, of the "Passing Show," on "Wireless without Tears"; 7.30, concert, Wireless Trio and Miss Ivy Marchant, contralto; 8-8.15, Miss Kathleen Davis (soprano); 8.15-8.30, Miss Minnie Beddoes (contralto); 8.30-8.45, Mr. Percy Sharpe (clarinet); 8.45-9, Mr. G. H. Amory, talk, a film; 9-9.15, Mr. Harry Crip, 9.45-10, final news bulletin.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1923.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

We fear that the expectant taxpayer is mentally making too much of the loudly advertised Budget surplus of 101 millions.

He must be warned that this huge sum is not a floating "windfall" with which Mr. Stanley Baldwin can make presents in the shape of the husband who has had a bit of luck and so hands his wife a cheque with the advice to "Go and buy yourself some new clothes."

The husband in this case is unfortunately a debtor. The excess of revenue over expenditure goes mechanically to the reduction of debt.

The outlook is not as rosy for the average citizen as he supposes.

Nevertheless our great sacrifices in these abnormal years may well permit us a little self-congratulation. Our Budgets are the only ones in Europe that would pass the examination test of the economist.

Another point is that this year's surplus is due in great part to an under-estimate of the spending capacity—or effrontery—of the Departments.

Sir Robert Horne (the former Chancellor), while openly confessing the fact of over-taxation, evidently wanted to provide squander-maniacs with full opportunities for a further plunge. Outside pressure restrained them.

Here is a hint for the present Chancellor and Government. Let them add Mesopotamia and Palestine to their list of redactions. Let their charities begin at home—say in Norfolk. Above all, let them not slacken in the effort to reduce expenditure in order that they may reduce taxation.

WAIT AND SEE.

THE cause of Liberal reunion does not appear to be getting much help from Mr. Asquith.

He constantly refuses reconciliatory invitations to lunches and political picnics, extended to him by enthusiasts in the constituencies. He is still waiting and seeing, benevolently impotent.

Meanwhile those constituencies, and the rank-and-file in the House of Commons, are urged to go on working together and ever more and more unitedly until . . . until what?

Until, locked in a final embrace, they turn and find their leaders still seated on remote mountain peaks.

What a pity that the poor, waiting Liberals cannot find some third leader—a neutral—who will march off with them, under one band, while the high invisible ones continue to remember a past feud!

HOLIDAYS APART.

WHAT are we to make of this alarming symptom of the decay of family life?

Many of our readers seem to be united in a revolt against relatives.

They write to us and complain that a holiday spent with one's family is no holiday at all. It is only when "all, all are gone, the old familiar faces," that the modern girl, suppose, or the modern youth, can really count upon a "change."

The Victorian family, we are reminded, knew nothing of this centrifugal tendency: they clustered round papa and mamma for amusement as well as for instruction. They did not rebel against sameness because they knew that people are not the same on a holiday.

Holidays ought to renew or reverse habits.

They should show people at their best—careless and pleasant. Try again, next time! You will see that your family is not the same family when they are free as when they were all at work and struggling in crowds and competing for a living all day long.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Easter Holiday Comments—Discipline for Boys—Work for Profit or Service?—Why We Join Clubs.

THE BURDEN OF TAXATION.

ARE you so sure that the burden of taxation has, as you say, been "borne patiently" in this country?

I, for my part, have borne it extremely impatiently, and shall look out for the first opportunity of expressing my impatience if it is not speedily reduced. G.

PROFIT AND SERVICE.

ARTISTS usually work because they love their work. I fancy that this applies to very few other professions or callings in life. If we were not forced by the spur of necessity should we care to waste fine days at desks?

A BANK CLERK.

AN EASTER CHANGE.

SO many of your correspondents discourage going away for Easter! Do they do it because they want to go in

MASTER OR MISTRESS?

MEN are certainly the best people to train boys.

In these days almost all mothers tend to spoil their children. There is a universal lack of discipline. The children are not happier for it. In the course of time they seem to lack resources in themselves and to be unable to amuse themselves. They are always waiting and wanting to be told what to do.

This is their condition while they are at home. Then come school days. At once the character of the boys, at least, seems to improve. This is the result of some sort of control and discipline. In my experience most growing boys are happier at school nowadays than they are at home.

A SCHOOLMASTER.

THE PUBLIC AND CRUELTY.

I WAS very glad to see your article concerning the totally inadequate punishments inflicted for gross cruelty to animals. I noticed in

"I NEED A REST": No. 6—THE SECLUDED SPOT.



peace themselves and to be the only pebbles on the beach?

In any case, I think a good many people are now almost afraid to go, "because of the crowds."

I cannot share these terrors.

After all, what we all most want at this time of the year is change. And one doesn't get that by staying at home or by parading the streets looking at the closed shops. F. M. Wimbleton.

THE SEPARATE HOLIDAY.

HOW are we to "get away from our relatives" in holiday time?

We are not all provided with the independent incomes that will enable us to take separate rooms in a lonely holiday. Is family life decaying? I hear so many people saying that they want to escape from one another! It was not so in my youth, when families were quite contented to go away together. PAST FORTY.

Folkstone.

SILENT CLUBS.

SURELY clubs are not meant for conversation? I thought everybody knew that.

We go to clubs to get away from our families. Perhaps we like to meet a friend here or there casually. Perhaps we like to have someone to dine with. But the ideal club is not (as women seem to think) a place for chatter, but a retreat for rest and silence.

A MEMBER OF TWO CLUBS.

WHAT IS THE BEST OF SPRING TONICS?

"LET US GO AND BUY A FEW NEW CLOTHES."

By F. M. CURRAN.

IS there any better tonic in these opening days of spring than a new dress or a new suit?

Even the keenest sticklers for domestic or personal thrift, if not deaf to reason, must admit that a little "heathy" extravagance is pardonable if it takes the shape of an outlay on new clothes at a moment when nature herself is setting us all the example of dressing for the day. Now, indeed, is it that "full-appareled April on the heel of limping winter treads." And such a winter!

But, indeed, can one call expenditure on spring clothes extravagant?

"If you haven't something new at Easter the crows will peck at you" is a North Country saying, and the warning really conceals the belief in the call of spring for some outward recognition of the reawakening of earth's beauty.

In many a home where the mother is a hard worker the sunshine that has so suddenly set the hat shops aglow like many-coloured flower gardens must awaken memories or hopes of brighter days—all, you may be sure, linked with the joy of wearing something new.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of tweed—not necessarily to plus fours—and need it be said that a young woman's fancy is more or less constant in a similar direction?

"AUTO-SUGGESTION."

And what more bracing in these bracing days, after the long night of a very dreary winter, than that young and old alike should, as far as may be and within reason, seek, like nature herself, to come forth in fresh attire, if only to greet the sunshine and assist in the general, if evanescent, revival of high spirits?

The most careful in money matters might remember that to buy dress for spring need not always mean an "absolute" expenditure. There is in almost every home a surplus of goods of one kind or another which might readily be turned into money for new clothes. One can often get money for this by saving a little on that. And the skilful home dresser can do a good deal for so little!

The shops were never so ablaze with dainty finery, cheap and tasteful, as now. Already, for example, you may find shady hats, light shoes and delicate stockings at prices that are not far above pre-war level!

It does not need an expert in psycho-analysis to tell us that a girl who can get these and similar things without reckless expenditure is not likely often to be very troubled with the blues.

In a word, one is merely enforcing the idea which even that censor of feminine extravagance, Mr. Justice McCordie, recognises as inseparable from our social conventions, namely, the tonic properties of a new costume.

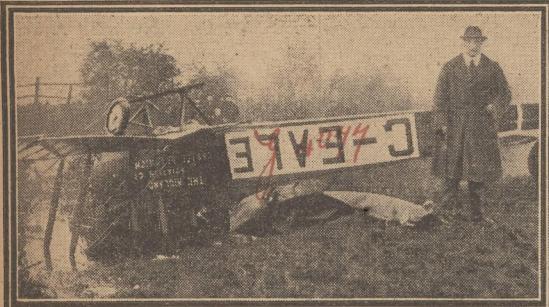
This is not meant to be a plea for extravagance; still less for indulgence in luxury. It is merely an attempt to argue that on the score of health alone—heath depending so much on temperament—there is no better tonic than what in common speech is known as a "new rig-out," which sets the wearer in tune with her (or his) surroundings, and no better time for it than now.

On the NORFOLK BROADS HAPPY HOLIDAYS.



A glorious cheap holiday for all on safe, smooth inland water. Send 2/- postage for our 120-page Illustrated List of over 300 furnished Yachts, Houseboats for hire. Total cost, including food, about £8 each per fortnight, for party of six. Also Rivers Cam, Yare, Thurne, Bure, etc. NORFOLK BROADS CO., Sole Representatives to all Owners, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

AEROPLANE'S CRASH INTO A BROOK



'After the aeroplane smash at Branstone, near Burton - on - Trent. The machine nose-dived into a brook after crashing through two hedges. The occupants were very fortunate to escape fatal injury.'



HIS BUSY DAY.—The elephant at the London Zoo had a busy time yesterday. Fine weather brought a great crowd of visitors to the gardens.



DIAMOND WEDDING.—Captain and Mrs. J. Colquhoun, of Swansea, who are just celebrating their sixtieth wedding anniversary. They were married in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 4, 1863.

A SELF-CONTAINED FARM ORGANISATION



Looking after one of the sows and her hungry family. Inset, the juvenile foreman.



With a promising youngster on the establishment.



A valued member of the stock at lunch.

At Wilson's farm, King's Lynn, Norfolk, which is not affected by the labourers' strike. It is mainly devoted to the raising of pigs, and is run by three sisters with the aid of a small boy, very proud of his position as "foreman."—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



"Chairing" Mr. Ledger, a 74-year-old swimmer.



The first swimming race of the warm weather season in the Serpentine. It took place at 8.30 in the morning.

SERPENTINE SWIMMERS.—Members of the Serpentine Swimming Club inaugurated their summer season's aquatic programme by racing yesterday morning in the famous

stretch of water in Hyde Park, London. They are a select body of genuine enthusiasts, and it takes severe weather indeed to keep them out of the water.



Miss Nancy Vivien,
whose marriage to Mr.
Boyle Lawrence, the
playwright, takes place
on April 25.



Miss Alice Brady, who
returns after a long absence
to the film in a picture called "The
Tear Market."

CHARABANC DAY.

Dramatists and the Jews—The Rolls-Royce Romance—Bishop Who Broadcast.

YESTERDAY THE CHARABANC emerged from its retirement. Early in the morning along the Embankment and in the side streets near Charing Cross there were rows of gay vehicles, some of them being new and very spring-like in colour. They were labelled to go to Windsor, to Kempton Park, to the Surrey hills, and to numerous seaside places. It meant that, weather or no weather, the road season had officially begun. Fortunately, the London weather yesterday was brilliantly fine.

Sunshine in Tharet.

The Island of Thanet is the sun-spot of the South. I have just received a letter from a friend who is spending her Easter holiday at a village near Birchington. "Our garden," she writes, "is a picture—full of wallflowers still. The sun has been lovely."

Home Again

Lord Louis Mountbatten, who, soon after his return to England from his honeymoon in America, was ordered to join his ship in the Mediterranean, has been able to obtain short leave, and he is returning to England this week. He will join Lady Louis Mountbatten in London and will do a good deal of theatre-going before returning to the Near East.

Broadcast Bishops.

On Sunday evenings the broadcast programme contains a little sermon, and often a Bishop preaches it. But why does each Bishop begin by saying how strange it feels to be speaking to so many people? This is a way of beginning which is over-familiar to listeners-in; it is almost on the level of "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking."

Duchess as Tennis Player.

The Duchess of Sutherland has played in all the recent Riviera tennis tournaments, and is a graceful player who has yet to attain first-class form. But she is very keen, and at her house in Park-lane has had a new hard, all-weather court laid down on the site of some old stables. Many other people, I am told, have cleared away unwanted stables to make room for tennis courts.

Does Not Like Us.

The journalist who has been attacking England so vehemently in the *Figaro* is M. Robert de Flers, better known as a dramatic author. During the war he was attached to the Rumanian army and served with distinction in the campaign of the Dobrudja. Rumania has shown her gratitude to him by giving his name to one of the streets in Bucharest.

Modern Shylock.

I am told that Mr. Roy Horniman originally intended his moneylender hero in "Love in Pawn" to be a real modern Shylock, but that he toned the character down when told "the majority of the people who buy stalls in West End theatres are either Jews or ought to be." Mr. Arthur Wontner makes an attractive figure of the young moneylender, but it would have been more attractive still if the author had given the character a touch of nobility. When will a dramatist draw us a Jew we can unreservedly admire?



Mr. William Farren. Jews are not allowed to be moneylenders. The position is accepted by everybody, including the patriarchal Jew played by Mr. William Farren, whose first appearance as an actor was made nearly fifty years ago. His voice is still wonderful and his dramatic instinct sure.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Kensington Palace.

Kensington Palace, which was reopened to the public on Sunday, has a certain interest as the birthplace of Queen Victoria. Here, when the little Princess was only nine, she was visited by Sir Walter Scott. "This little lady," he afterwards wrote, "is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid had a moment to whisper 'You are here of England!'"

The New Sophie.

A correspondent asks me whether Miss Irene Browne, who is to play Sophie Fullgarney in to-night's revival of "The Gay Lord Quex," is an American. She is not. She started her theatrical career in ingene parts with the late H. B. Irving when he visited Australia. She stayed in Australia for a time with Messrs. Williamson, appearing in modern plays, and returned to London in 1916, her first part being in "Who Is He?" at the Haymarket.

Bernhardt Memorial Service.

I hear that there will be a big memorial service to Sarah Bernhardt on April 10 at Westminster Cathedral.

Lady Llangattock.

The late Lady Llangattock will be much missed in society, for she was well liked, and the misfortune which she sustained in the loss of three sons and her husband within a comparatively short time gained for her a genuine sympathy and respect. In days gone by she used to give big political parties at her house, South Lodge, Ruthland Gate, a feature of which are the rooms decorated with Eastern treasures and dimly lighted with little lamps.

Shelley-Rolls.

Lady Shelley-Rolls is Lady Llangattock's daughter. She married Sir John Shelley, and when her father died without an heir, leaving her a considerable fortune, she added "Rolls" to her married name. The best-known of Lady Llangattock's sons was the Hon. C. S. Rolls, the pioneer aviator who was killed at Bournemouth three minutes before his mother arrived at the station to see him exhibit his skill.

Rolls and Royce.

It was from his mother that Charles Rolls inherited the engineering talent which ultimately led to the production of the famous Rolls-Royce motor engine. Young Rolls was intended for the Army, but had other views. He persuaded his father to give him a sum equal to the capital value of the private allowance he would have received had he become an officer. With this money he set up business as C. S. Rolls and Co., and a little later met a young engineer named F. H. Royce, with whom he went into partnership.

Midnight Race Meetings!

A new idea in theatrical entertainment will be introduced shortly by Mr. Carl Hyson, who "produces" the Midnight Follies. Girl jockeys will race on mechanical horses, fitted with a device which leaves the rider open to win or lose according to the amount of energy she exerts. The guests will each have a disc corresponding to a "horse," and those who hold the winning colour will get a prize. But it has yet to be settled whether the course is a "place" within the meaning of the Act!

Limerick.

The following original limerick, which I have received from a contributor, appears to me to run "The old man of Khartoum" very close for sheer absurdity:

There once was a man who averted
That his father-in-law was a bird.
He imparted this view
To the Vicar of Kew,
Who remarked, "But the thing is absurd!"

Orthodox?

Is Mr. Horniman right in making his Jew hero both orthodox and a moneylender? A friend tells me that orthodox Jews are not allowed to be moneylenders. The position is accepted by everybody, including the patriarchal Jew played by Mr. William Farren, whose first appearance as an actor was made nearly fifty years ago. His voice is still wonderful and his dramatic instinct sure.

Lenin and Trotsky.

Trotsky appears to be taking charge of Lenin on his death bed, so it is worth while to recall that these two Bolshevik leaders have not always dwelt together in unity. Lenin has never trusted Trotsky, believing him to be a time server and an egoist. "The lessons of the war," he wrote, "not very long ago, have taught Trotsky nothing. He remains a Trotsky."

Seeing Red!

Propos of the Postmaster-General's refusal to allow advertisements on pillar-boxes, I am reminded of an Oxford story, when, in the days before khaki, these red receptacles for letters made their first appearance in that ancient city. An undergraduate who had dined too well was discovered by the proctor squaring up to one of them and exclaiming truculently: "I'm not afraid of you. You're only a blooming militiaman!"

Parasols.

A man in the trade tells me that the parasol designers are getting a new style for the forthcoming season. A short, dumpy thing will be first favourite, finished off with a knob of ivory or carved wood. Designs are also arriving from Paris, one example of these being an elaborate affair of frilled and flounced silk. These will be shaded to match the frock.

Cecile Sorel.

Mlle. Cecile Sorel, the great French actress, who recently returned from a triumphal tour of America, is at present appearing in the theatres of North Africa. Later this year (says my Paris correspondent) she is to make her reappearance in London, and as she says that she has now got the "wanderlust," she is also considering a trip to South America.

Topsy-Turvy Lunch.

In a West End restaurant yesterday I saw a man start his lunch with fish. Then he ordered soup, then stewed fruit and cream, and finally ham and eggs! The waiter seemed surprised.



Countess Spencer, who
with Earl Spencer, has
returned to London
from the Riviera.



Lady Geddes is returning
with her children from
America for a holiday.

Golfing Story.

Golfers may appreciate this story of the vicar of a seaside parish who spends much of his leisure time upon the golf links. One afternoon he was badly beaten by one of his parishioners, who tried to cheer him up by remarking, "Never mind; you will win at the end. You will be burying me some day, I expect." "Just so, just so," said the disheartened vicar, "but even then it will be your hole!"

Edinburgh Playwright.

An Edinburgh friend of mine tells me that he met Thomas Stirling Boyd in Princes-street last week. Mr. Boyd is the barrister-author of that clever play, "The Case for the Prosecution," which made an impression when it was produced a few weeks ago by the Play Actors at the Shaftesbury. He is an Edinburgh man, and often goes north for his vacations. There is a movement afoot to start a repertory theatre in Edinburgh, and Mr. Boyd is very interested in it.

Oxford Secrets.

I hear that Mr. Fred Hunt, the Oxford College brewer, has received a request from Ireland for the recipe of his famous Chancellor brew. The secret of the brew is with the brewer, and will be until a successor is initiated into the mystery. This is not the only secret Oxford holds. The famous India paper upon which many Bibles and Prayer Books are printed is held by a charm circle, into which only a newcomer is allowed to enter when one who holds the secret drops out.

THE RAMBLER.

Ten £5 Notes Offered

For Simple Drawings Such as These.

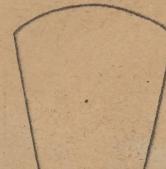
CAN YOU turn the shape below, drawing inside it or around it, into a funny sketch? If so, you may win one of the TEN £5 notes offered in

"LONDON OPINION."



Your drawing and the coupon below (together with a sixpenny postal order—not stamps) must reach "London Opinion" not later than first post Monday, April 9th.

Cut here.....



Coupon 994 (D.M.).

To the Competition Editor of *London Opinion*, 67, Chandos Street, W.C.2. I submit this entry for your Competition No. 994, and enclose a sixpenny postal order, and agree to be bound by your decision thereon.

Name.....

Address.....

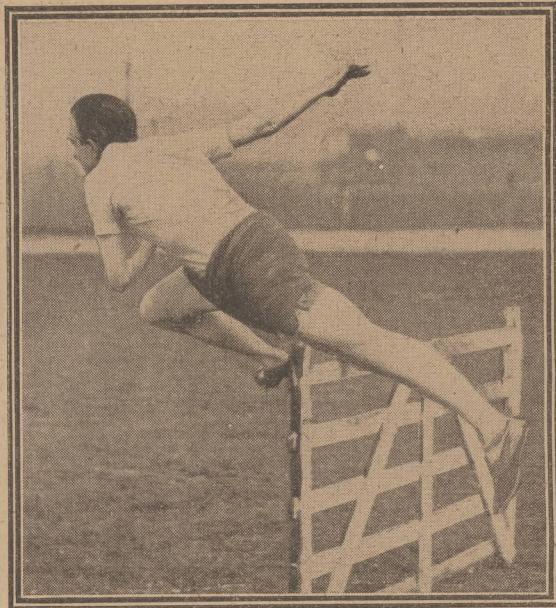
The result of last week's competition will be announced in next Saturday's "London Opinion."

AN EXPERT'S SKILL AND SPEED OVER THE HURDLES IN OUR C



A test for perfection-of balance. Inset, another test of the same kind.

P. Hodge, the Olympic steeplechase champion, practising over the hurdles. He has reached the point where he does not spend an unnecessary ounce of power



Taking the hurdle in his stride without waste of speed.

or allow the obstacle to cause loss of a fraction of speed. His balance and poise throughout are astonishing, as may be seen.



(C).—Miss Marion



(E).—Miss G. Elaine Mason, Birmingham.



TURTLE RACING.—The finish of a turtle race in Queensland. This is a most amusing sport we are unfortunately unable to enjoy over here. A fair-sized turtle can carry one person without any trouble.



(L).—Miss Muriel T



(D).—Miss Dorothy Mackaill, Hull.



(B).—Miss Louie Hugall, Manchester.



(A).—Miss Sybil Hope, Southport, Lancashire.



(K).—Miss Vera Evelyn Smith, Coventry.

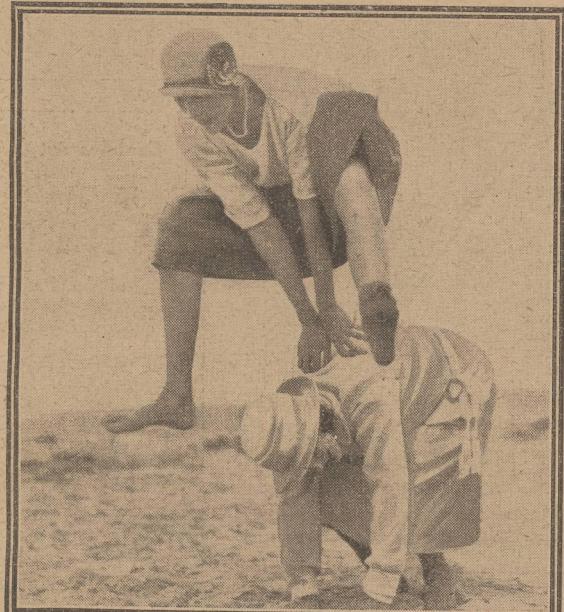
Some entries in *The Daily Mirror* £2,500 Beauty Competition. These belong to Section I, and votes for the two selected by the reader should be marked on the

COMPETITION

ENJOYING THEIR EASTER PLAYTIME BY THE SEASIDE



Fairfield, Liverpool.



Leap-frog on the sands is excellent exercise.

Two popular actresses make the most of a brief Eastertide holiday. The most serious occupation they permit themselves is golf—but, that is serious enough.



1925 Miss Heather Thatcher and Miss Molly Ramsden at Paris Plage.



CHANNEL S.O.S.—Crowds on Eastbourne beach await the return of the lifeboat, which put out to aid a French vessel damaged by collision with an American passenger boat in the fog. As it happened, the services of the lifeboat were not required. Inset, the lifeboat returning from its long search.



(G).—Miss Dorothy Pugh, High Wycombe, Bucks.

Impstead, London.



Miss Theresa Shaw, East Dulwich, London.



(M).—Miss Norah Warren, Stoke Newington,



(H).—Miss Rita Sanders, Regent's Park.



(F).—Miss Enid Parsons, Sparkhill, Birmingham.

on of the coupon to be found in this issue. It should be noted that the relative sizes of reproductions on this page in no way indicate any selection of our own.



The chiffon toque with the new roll brim is trimmed with an embroidery of silk and mother-of-pearl medallions combined.

BARONESS DEAD



Lady Llangattock, whose death at her residence, South Lodge, Rutland Gate, London, has just been announced. She was the widow of the first Baron Llangattock, who died in 1912.



REJUVENATED?—Mr. Harold F. McCormick, millionaire husband of Mme. Gauna Walska, the opera singer, who is stated to have successfully undergone the Steinbach rejuvenation operation recommended by Dr. Lorenz.

LADIES' MIRROR

BATIK QUILTS—HAND-PAINTED CHINA—NEW NIGHTIES.



BATIK—which really describes a wonderful process of dying, but has come to be associated with a certain blurred colour effect where one shade merges into another—is very popular. It has spread from silks for clothes to cushions and from cushions to quilts. Recently I've seen the loveliest eiderdowns in blues and mauves done this way.

* * *

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Now that they have discovered a paint you can put on glass without any preparation beforehand, odd pieces of plain glass are a good investment. The same applies to china. I know a woman who has painted a five o'clock tea service, originally white, to match the colour-scheme of her room, reproducing the pattern on her cretonne. Most of us have to use transfers or trace a pattern first, of course.

* * *

THE KERCHIEF AGAIN.

The newest development of the kerchief I saw on a dance frock at a club last week. The frock was of the Victorian order, with pointed bodice and rather full skirt, but the bodice ended just below the shoulders behind, while the front was continuous above them in a series of two long strips of the material with handkerchief points, which were tied in the middle. It was ever so effective.

* * *

CHEAP AND PRETTY.

Cheapness does not always spell either ugliness or the ordinary. I've just seen some delightful voile nighties, which cost next to nothing. The amount of material used was three yards, and the V-neck and cape-like sleeves were decorated with an edging of silk crochet, not sewn on, but crocheted right into the voile. This was blue patterned, with deep blue and faded black, and the crochet was a vivid blue. You could all make them for yourselves.



Quite indispensable in your wardrobe this spring is a multi-coloured knitted sweater that our Prince popularised.



The veil to-day is often a straw hat's only trimming, and this is one of the charming effects to be obtained.

HUNTING FIELD FALL

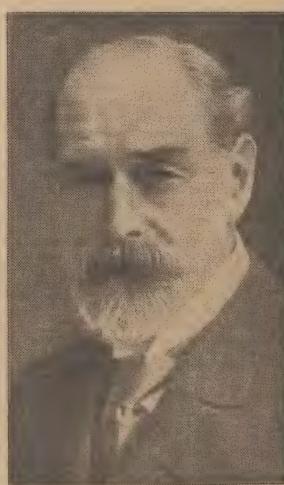


Lady Beryl Gilbert, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Walter Raleigh Gilbert and daughter of the Earl of Clancarty, who had a very bad fall when out with the Southwold Hounds.

BANDSMAN'S SWORD DANCE AT MARGATE



A member of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders' band gives a much appreciated sword dance display as an interlude in the Oval at Margate.—(Daily Mirror.)



JUDGE DEAD.—Judge Arthur O'Connor, K.C., whose death has occurred at Bournemouth. He was an Irish M.P. from 1880 to 1900 and former deputy-chairman of committees in the Commons.

THE WAY OF A MAN

By S.
ANDREW WOOD



The frail lock of the little drawer was splintered and twisted. A single pound note lay mockingly before her eyes. The rest had gone.

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

PEGGY BECKETT is an "alone-in-London" girl, a fascinating, impulsive character, who is known as Peggy the Firebrand in Quilter's Employment Agency, where she is employed. She is going to marry Archie Dugdale, a fat, drowsy man who lives in the same private hotel in South Kensington, an establishment known as Tozer's Royal Empress. Archie and Peggy are taking a walk in Hyde Park early one spring morning when a dog attacks the man. Archie is not a good sort; Archie does not shine in a very heroic light during the affair and takes himself off. Peggy indulges in some verbal give-and-take with the stranger, and they part. But he has need, gives him a ten-shilling note and runs away.

That morning Peggy is a ringleader in a lightning strike at Quilter's. During an interview with old Adam Quilter, the proprietor, the latter hints surprisedly that he once knew Peggy. But Quilter is a quaint character whose bark is worse than his bite, and he seems to enjoy the girl's spirited demeanour. The strike fails, however, as Quilter is a rich man.

She runs immediately to Tozer's Royal Empress, and in the drawing-room she finds Archie Dugdale and the shabby stranger in conversation. The stranger makes the startling statement that Archie is the man who has been crooked all along, and that it was he who betrayed the plans of the intended strike to Adam Quilter for ten pounds. Peggy dismisses her unworthy lover with contempt, and runs off with the stranger, maintaining that she has lost faith in all men.

The stranger, Jack Sandiford by name, renders a service to Adam Quilter, who, deceived by his out-of-work appearance, offers him a permanent appointment. He can find no missing in London whose photograph is shown to him. It is a speaking likeness of Peggy Beckett, although the photograph is twenty years old. Sandiford accepts the commission.

Peggy secures employment at New York Art Hirehouse Club, and there meets Ned Beverley, a woman with a past, who has once known Jack Sandiford. Peggy's interference results in her dismissal and return to London, where she promises to find work for Ned as well as herself.

She runs across Sandiford again and he seems in the last dregs of poverty and is contemplating self-destruction. She begs him to wait a month before he does anything.

THE UNCLE FROM WATFORD.

SANDIFORD'S words came with an accent of complete carelessness, expressing the indifference of a man to whom life had lost its flavour, except as a thing to gamble with. He stretched his drenched self lazily in the sun, which now poured down hotly through the new leaves of the old elms into the quiet court where he and Peggy sat.

"I don't quite understand," Peggy said, with an instant's falter. "How can I make life worth living for you if you won't make it worth while for yourself?"

Sandiford shook his head as one who is baffled by a question that is insoluble.

"Dadmo, Cinderella," he answered calmly. "But I've given you a month to try it, if you agree. But, of course, you've sworn off any man pal since—er—Archie. I don't blame you."

Peggy darted a look of swift suspicion at the imperious, bold-smiling face. She recoiled again upon her mingled doubt and desperation,

Had he really meant to do any hurt to himself? Why should she care whether he did or not—care to the extent of feeling suffocated and weak at such thoughts? A queer desire to seize him by the shoulders and shake him struck Peggy. He was speaking again in an ingenuous tone.

"It would just be a case of meeting, say, on this seat every afternoon. Until we found work, of course, we should both look for situations like good little children in the mornings. But in the afternoons we should take a rest, and leave a chance for other poor devils. If I like it, I should give you a promise not to do myself in."

"Thank you!" She

jumped to her feet, making the strutting pigeons at her feet flutter into the air. "It's a bargain!"

Sandiford was on his feet, too. He stood looking down at Peggy. The studied nonchalance had left his face, and the sleek of his body had gone.

He held out his hand, and Peggy, with colour stirring faintly in her face, put her own in it. She forced herself to speak her thoughts.

"It's platonic," she said, curiously. "As a break of women's hearts had better not you know that my heart's made of—of India-rubber. It won't even dent. So that's that, though I'd tell you."

"Platonic," repeated Sandiford, gravely. "As platonic as—Plato. I'll remember. To-morrow, here, at two o'clock."

Peggy nodded sedately, like one who makes a purchase in a hardware shop. Then she turned and vanished into the blue shadow of the archway, as six o'clock chimed from the Law Courts.

It was too late for the Employment Agency. She realised it guiltily. She was famished, as she always was after excitement, and ate buns in a teashop with her eyes abstractedly on the passing traffic.

As she took the bus homewards she held to her determination to make Sandiford accept half the money he had salvaged from Archie Dogdale. It would leave her with plenty, until she found another situation—after she had found one for Nan Beverley.

She ran through the dim gallery of ghostly waxwork faces. But at the landing of the stairs the wife of the wax-modeller, a blowzy but smiling Frenchwoman, met her.

"Mam'selle is just a few minutes too late. There has been a visitor for her. But he has just gone."

"A visitor!" Peggy's thoughts leapt incongruously to Carle Caraw and Archie Dugdale, but the Frenchwoman's next words mystified her.

"He was an old gentleman—mam'selle's uncle—from Watford. He stayed a little while your room to await you. But when you were long in coming, he went away and said that he would call again."

"Peggy knitted her brows. She had an odd feeling of uneasiness, which grew acuter each moment. She spoke faintly to help gather her thoughts. "A rich uncle, I suppose, madame? He drove up in a carriage and pair, with two footmen and a coachman, and smoked a cigar that smelt like Paradise on a summer morning?"

Madame smiled. She did not understand this English girl, but she liked her.

"He did not then, madame? He was very friendly with the coat, and I have seen hats like his on the heads of the chiffoniers who sweep up the streets."

Peggy bounded up the stairs with no more trouble. She sprang across to the little drawer where she had left the precious remnant of her money.

It came away from the cabinet in her hand, its frail lock splintered and twisted. A single pound note lay mockingly before her eyes. The rest had gone.

Peggy, with a white face, laughed.

"Poor old Down-and-Out!" she muttered. "There's only ten shillings for him!"

HOODWINKING ADAM.

ADAM QUILTER'S London house slumbered in the evening sunlight. Queich, the butler, with his rosy face and tonsured head gleaming against the mellow background of the dining-room, awaited his master.

Quelch was inclined to unbend a little to-night to the footman, who was the only other manservant in the house. His voice had the note of affectionate compassion which was apparent in

his every gesture when he attended to his master, Adam Quilter.

"He's gone out in those old togs again," said Quelch. "Never knew him to put them on so early in the day before. Wish he'd stop it. It gets a pain in the middle till, I see him safe back. He's here, thank Gawd!"

Quelch gave a sigh of relief and relapsed into poker-backed dignity again at the rattle of the door knocker.

Adam Quilter had gone direct to his room, and when he entered the dining-room, His lined old face was without expression. But deep in his dim eyes a light lurked, and there was a touch of colour in his wrinkled cheeks.

He had a glass brought to him in the library and remained faintly interested by heart as he lifted the glass. It was as though he gave a kind of dumb and lonely toast.

"Poor little Miss Firebrand!"

They were the only words he spoke aloud before he relapsed into a reverie which was, perhaps, more mysteriously eloquent than spoken words. It was interrupted by a knock at the door. It was Quelch to announce a visitor.

The young gent, sir—Mr. Sandiford—"

"Show him in!" barked Quilter.

He twisted himself in his chair as Jack Sandiford came forward, and followed him with his sardonic gaze. Without invitation, Sandiford sank into a chair.

"You make yourself at home, sir!" Quilter snapped.

"Thanks," replied Sandiford calmly, "as though the words had been a welcome. I've come to bring you news. We've found your girl."

"Excellent! That's a gain, Quelch!"

In Quilter's voice. "You present your report like a business man, if you'll allow me to insult you, Mr. Gentleman-out-at-heels. Pray proceed!"

Sandiford answered quite impassively, almost languidly.

"Miss Beckett is still out of work. She is almost penniless and apparently friendless. She is living in a poor room at Hoxton with an invalid aunt and—a little brother dying of consumption. Her mother died when she was on the edge of a breakdown in health which will give her difficulty in recovering from. In fact, I should say that it would be rather difficult to send her nearer to the gutter than she has got."

"Excellent!" murmured Adam Quilter.

He darted a quick glance at the young man's utterly immobile profile, with the light in his faded eyes leaping strangely. But when Sandiford turned to look at him his face was as devoid of expression as before.

"Even if you had a worse down on her than you seem to have," went on Sandiford dispassionately, "you couldn't hurt her much more. I imagine all the Bolshevism that made her hold up your confounded—your store—is knocked out of her. Have you any instructions for me?"

"Is she starving?" asked Adam Quilter gently. "Couldn't you get her landlord to turn her out?"

Sandiford's knuckles whitened, but he was answered with a stifled yawn.

"I'd try," he said, "if you made it worth while."

Adam Quilter chuckled gloatingly.

"You're a splendid young man," he said, admiringly. "I'm glad you selected that Frenchman over the other night. You're really a good kind of hired bravo. You should have lived in the days of the Borgias. I suppose only a real blue-blooded scion of the aristocracy, down on his luck, could do a thing as thoroughly as you promise to do it. Couldn't you make her sing in the streets, holding her invalid brother with one hand and her old aunt with the other?"

Jack Sandiford glanced up sharply at the mockery in Quilter's tones. But the old draper's face was stern and earnest, save for a glint deep in his eyes, which the younger man took to be devilry unmasks.

"Anything you like," he answered carelessly, "if the pay is good enough. It's a soft job. I'll come and give you a report as often as you like."

Adam Quilter cracked two notes out of his case. Sandiford leaned across and clutched them with a fair show of cordiality. He rose to his lanky, shabby-clad length.

"I'll not take wine with you to-night," he said, with the deliberate insolence of a man who cares for no human soul. "The last you gave me wasn't real Lafitte. If you'll take my advice I should stick to decent port and sherry. It's living like a hedgehog among its own prickles as you do, I suppose. Good-night, and think for the high money."

In the quiet square outside Jack Sandiford laughed through his teeth, as at a joke which holds an acid taste.

"Hoodwinkling him is better than strangling him, as I'd like to do," he said, softly. "He's cracked!"

Inside Adam Quilter's house Queich, the butler, stole into the pantry with mournful concern on his rubicund face, and spoke to him.

"He's sitting there like an old hen—cacklin' and cacklin'! Lord, how much longer will it be before he goes dotty altogether, I wonder?"

Another fine instalment to-morrow.



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"Come to the Fair": See the Pets
on Page 11

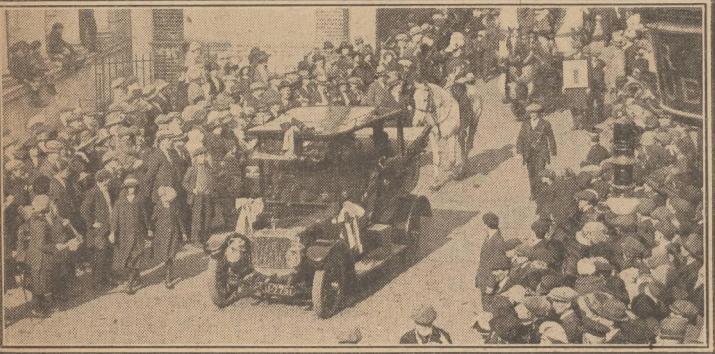
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FOR TO-DAY'S
MUTT AND JEFF
CARTOON.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

THE MIRACLE OF
BISHOPS STORTFORD:
SEE PICTURES ON
PAGE 9.

DAY OF SUNSHINE CARNIVAL AT RAMSGATE—HOLIDAYMAKERS AID A CHARITY PAGEANT



The Mayor of Ramsgate in his car leading the procession.



Decorated perambulators in the charming children's section.



The car of the British Legion depicted "Old Bill and the Better 'Ole."



A juvenile band wore great variety of costume.

Y. 86 C
Another view of Old Bill's car with its whiskered and tin-hatted driver.
Ramsgate had real carnival weather yesterday, and its huge crowds of holidaymakers watched with delight a splendid summer pageant, which was organised to bring funds

for the relief of the blind. The Mayor and Mayoress (Alderman and Mrs. A. W. Larkin) drove at the head of the decorated procession.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)